

Of Books
Some books are to be tasted,
others to be swallowed, and some
few to be chewed and digested.
—Bacon.

Read Tomorrow's Instalment of the Thrilling Serial "The Hidden Hand," Which Appears on This Page

The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

Combination
When bad men combine, the
good must associate; else they
will fall, one by one, an unpitied
sacrifice, in a contemptible strug-
gle.—Burke.

BLEST

By C. D. BATCHELOR



She has found in her heart that it is indeed more blessed to give than receive. She has come nearer to giving all than is the privilege of many. Her boy somewhere in France will acquit himself with credit. She

knows him and her pride and patriotism conspire to smother anxieties for his safety. What ever may happen, she is certain that the worst cannot happen. And that worst is that he might have proven the shirker when duty said "over there."

The War on the Moth

NEW FACTS ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD ENEMY

After Years of Investigation, the Practical Wisdom of Our Grandmothers Is Attested.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

SOME facts about clothes moths recently published by Ralph C. Benedict, of Brooklyn, in a technical journal, Science, seem to me of such universal interest that they ought to be rendered available to everybody. All housewives surely must be glad to be acquainted with them, for the war against moths is unending, and if you don't know your enemy well there can be no hope of finally defeating him.

It appears that Mr. Benedict has been engaged for some four years in a special investigation of clothes moths, and he makes the disquieting statement that "moths were seen emerging from cocoons, and larvae were seen feeding during all months of the year." This seems to dispose of the traditional belief that moths come out only in the Spring, and that their voracious progeny devour furs and woollen garments only during the warm months.

One's faith in the protective effects of simple "cold storage" is also shaken by Mr. Benedict's statement that Winter stops the activities of the moths only when the temperature is very low. I gather from the experiments of other investigators on the persistence of minute life organisms under low temperatures, that cold at the best can only temporarily paralyze, and cannot destroy, such creatures. Heat is a destroyer, when intense enough; cold an arrester and preserver. But you cannot apply flame to fur garments or scald expensive clothes in boiling water.

Another popular belief demolished by Mr. Benedict's studies is that cedar chips, or cedar-lined closets and tobacco will repel moths. He put the insects in a closed tumbler where tobacco was burning and they minded it no more than some men mind a smoking-par. Cloth soaked in all sorts of odoriferous substances, warranted to repel moths at the first whiff, were promptly filled with eggs by the flying mine-planters, and the eggs hatched with normal regularity.

An important fact, which may be new to most persons, is that the moths seeking nests for their eggs will use cotton or silk fabrics as readily as fur or wool, although the larvae (caterpillars), do not, feed upon silk or cotton, and must consequently emigrate in search of provender as soon as they are born. It is on the larvae, Mr. Benedict says, that the war against moths must be concentrated. It is useless to fight them in their flying stage. Everybody knows that you can beat a football player in dodging, and the recent experiments have shown that their noses are not delicate, and they don't mind ammonia. But now, lest the reader should begin to despair, thinking that the

great moth war has arrived at a deadlock, let us turn to something more encouraging from Mr. Benedict's report. After saying that any method of attack to be effective must be directed toward the larval stage, he adds:

"Camphor and naphthalene, in closed places, kill all stages."

After reading that re-animating sentence one finds a grim satisfaction in perusing its descriptive successor:

"The eggs and larvae turn from whitish to a yellowish brown in color; the larvae cease activity almost immediately."

Thus, after brushing aside some of the most cherished superstitions about moths, we have one very old and very popular belief triumphantly vindicated, the belief of our grandmothers, who were very wise women, as it now appears on the word of science, that camphor (they were not so familiar with naphthalene then), is a deadly enemy to moths as well as to headaches. How that brings back in memory the penetrating odor that spread around the house when the arrival of the first snow, and the jingling of the earliest sleigh bells, brought out the mink cloaks, muffs and collars from their Summer hiding places.

Interesting possibilities are also suggested by a further statement of Mr. Benedict's: "No gaseous poisons were tried, but undoubtedly the common ones would be effective. Kerosene and gasoline fumes were not effective." But the special practical object of the research was not after all attained, and that was the discovery of some poison, harmless to human beings, that could be introduced into cloth and make it "moth-proof." This is a desideratum yet to be reached.

One surprise attended the investigation, viz: that the species of moth which does nearly all the mischief, is not the spotted-winged Tinea, but the yellow Tineola bisellifera. This, however, is a bit of information for naturalists alone. Picturesque facts were developed concerning the manner in which the female moths carefully fasten their eggs among the threads of cloth, and the way the larvae make dumb-bell-shaped holes in cloth by eating first from one end and then from the other end of their woven cases afterward making a slit between the two.

Interesting also is such a statement as this: "Hatching began in seven days, the larvae emerging as millimeter-long translucent white, active caterpillars. These began to feed immediately, and were then colored according to the color of the cloth used. Experiments were tried with felts of several colors and as a result larvae were obtained with a red streak of red blood, green, etc. The dye passed through the alimentary canal apparently unchanged."

The Hygiene of Writing

By DR. IRA S. WILE,
Associate Editor American Medicine
and Member N. Y. City Board
of Education.

LEGIBILITY in writing is a gift, a habit, or a matter of painstaking care. Speed and accuracy are more essential than beauty of letter form. Innumerable hours are devoted to drill in penmanship—for what purpose?

The results of the moving pen or pencil are carefully scrutinized, admired or praised, corrected or criticized. The writer is judged by his product.

What effect has the act of writing upon the writer? He is a more important than his technique.

Defective writing is readily noticed. The source of the difficulty is sought and cure is attempted. Muscular control is essential for good penmanship.

Watch your small child trying to master the muscles of his fingers, hand, wrist and arm. It is a severe physical effort.

Look at your child's position at the table or desk as he attempts to work out his problems or write a composition.

Do your older boys and girls evidence a knowledge of the hygiene of writing?

Position while writing affects your posture, your vision, your breathing, your circulation.

You may write well and sit incorrectly.

Your penmanship may be excellent, though your eyesight is being impaired.

You may inspire the readers of your manuscript with your cramped fingers and lungs lessen your energy and capability.

It is as important to learn how to write as to learn to read.

Sit erect without a bend or twist to right or left.

Don't lean against the back of your chair nor against the edge of the desk or table.

Train your muscles to support your body, and do not depend upon external aids.

Incline your head slightly forward. Don't strain your eyes by

working with your head near to the writing paper.

Keep the soles of your feet on the floor or on a foot rest. Don't sit on one leg, or double your legs back under the chair.

Place your elbows about a hand's breadth from the body and rest the forearms for about two-thirds their length upon the desk or table.

Use a pencil or penholder that is sufficiently thick to be held easily. Be sure that either is long enough to extend well above the knuckles.

Hold your pen or pencil lightly. Do not screw up your fingers nor hold your arm tensely.

Your paper is best placed directly in front of the middle of the body. Avoid glazing or very rough paper.

When writing have adequate light upon the paper.

Writing involves muscular action and nervous strain. Prolonged writing, particularly with unhygienic writing instruments, produces writer's cramp.

The young child is easily fatigued by writing. Its power of attention and muscular control is limited.

Can you recall the Medieval punishment inflicted by unwise teachers who made you write a sentence two hundred and fifty times for whispering or manifesting a healthy interest in your class room neighbor?

Do you remember your cramped fingers, your cold hands, your trembling arms, your mental fatigue, your tired eyes and weary back?

Physical training is a vital factor in education. There are vast fields of physical training which may be traversed along the roads leading to reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Look at the posture of your child as they write; teach them the hygiene of writing.

Proper supervision by you will build up their habit of hygienic writing.

Posture, vision, muscular control are influenced by writing.

Watch the writing—study the writer.

Write right.

The Restaurant and Theatre

By Gertrude Beresford



PARIS says there must be a distinction between restaurant gowns and extreme evening dress. A little frock which fills many needs is found in this model of black velvet ribbon and jetted net. The long kimono sleeves of net distinguish the gown, while the bib of black velvet is the perfect outline for the perfect neck and throat. Nothing brings out the lovely quality of white flesh like black velvet. The jetted net runs crosswise to form a simple tunic, over which fall four straight ends of black velvet ribbon. The jet lines run lengthwise on the underskirt. A vivid red rose completes this genuinely striking costume. There is no difficulty of line in this gown, and it could be brought to a perfect culmination by any dressmaker given the proper materials.



DRACULA or The Vampire By Bram Stoker

One of the Most Thrilling Novels of the Age—Love, Mystery, Intrigue, Adventure, Mingled in a Gripping Serial. Read it in THE TIMES Every Day.

17 October.—Everything is pretty well fixed now, I think, to welcome the Count on his return from his tour. Godalming told the shipper that he feared that the box sent aboard might contain something stolen from a friend of his, and got a half consent that he might open it at his own risk. The owner gave him a paper telling the Captain to give him every facility in doing whatever he chose on board the ship, and also a similar authorization to his agent at Varna. We have seen the agent, who was much impressed with Godalming's kindly manner to him, and we are all satisfied that whatever he can do to aid our wishes will be done.

PLANS COMPLETED FOR DISPOSING OF DRACULA.

We have already arranged what to do in case we get the box open. If the Count is there, Van Helsing and I will cut off his head at once and drive a stake through his heart. Morris and Godalming and I shall prevent interference, even if we have to use the arms which we shall be ready to use.

25 October, Noon.—No news yet of the ship's arrival. Mrs. Harker's hypnotic report this morning was the same as usual. It is possible that we may get news at any moment. We men are all in a fever of excitement, except Harker, who is calm; his hands are as cold as ice, and his eyes are fixed on the edge of the great Ghoorka knife which he now always carries with him. It will be a bad look out for the Count if the edge of that "Kukri" ever touches his throat, driven by that stern, ice-cold hand!

MINA LAPSES INTO STUPOR AFTER RESTLESS HOURS.

Van Helsing and I were a little alarmed about Mrs. Harker today. About noon she got into a sort of lethargy which we did not like; although we kept silence to the others, we were neither of us happy about it. She had been restless all the morning, so that we were at first glad to know that she was sleeping. When, however, her husband mentioned casually that she was sleeping so soundly that he could not wake her, we went to her room to see for ourselves. She was breathing naturally and looked so well and peaceful that we agreed

awful though it be to contemplate. "Euthanasia" is an excellent and a comforting word! I am grateful to whoever invented it.

It is only about twenty-four hours' sail from the Dardanelles to here, at the rate the *Carina*. Catherine has come from London. She should therefore arrive some time in the morning, but as she cannot possibly get in before then, we are all about to retire early. We shall get up at 1 o'clock, so as to be ready.

26 October.—Another day and no tidings of the *Carina*. Catherine. She ought to be here by now. That she is still journeying somewhere is apparent, for Mrs. Harker's hypnotic report at sunrise was still the same. It is possible that the vessel may be lying by, at times, for fog; some of the steamers which came in last evening reported patches of fog both to north and south of the port. We must continue our watching, as the ship may now be signalled any moment.

NON-APPEARANCE OF SHIP CAUSES MUCH UNEASINESS.

27 October, Noon.—Most strange; no news yet of the ship we wait for. Mrs. Harker reported last night and this morning as usual: "lapping waves and rushing water," though she added that "the waves were very faint." The telegrams from London have been the same: "no further report."

Van Helsing is terribly anxious, and told me just now that he fears the count is escaping us. He added significantly:

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)
(Copyrighted)

Advice to the Married

By AUNT SOPHIE.

Oh when, oh when will my ship come home,
Over the foam, over the foam
Oh when, when will it come to me
Over the sea, sea, sea!

RS. WALTER WAYOFF, of Wabasha, Minn., has written ten her old Aunt Sophie a most interesting letter, one that has given me much pleasure, because it contains some lovely compliments for Aunt Sophie.

Aunt Sophie has been a writer for twenty years, but she is not too old to feel a thrill of honest pride when she gets a pat on the back from a distant pal whom she has never seen.

Mrs. Wayoff is not so far off as her name might imply, when she declares that Aunt Sophie has patched up more torn homes than the Ancient Order of Plumbers. Aunt Sophie admits this solemn truth with a degree of solemn pride that the average reader could not comprehend. It is a grand thing to be able to sit back in one's Morris chair, along in life, and tell oneself how much good one has done in this sad old world.

Without wishing to chuck one solitary bouquet at herself or even her general direction, Aunt Sophie will admit that she has brought together many a couple who showed signs of drifting into the reefs and shoals of divorce.

Mrs. Wayoff says that she, herself, is the author of the lovely little poem at the top of this article, and she asks me to kindly criticize it. Mrs. Wayoff is a six piper. First she disarms her old Aunt Sophie

with honeyed words, and then asks for her candid opinion about some very minor league rhymes. But Aunt Sophie is the Candid Kid, as even her worst knockers will allow, and must tell Mrs. Wayoff that the poem lacks cohesiveness, clarity, and common sense when she respects it is a jolly little jingle.

Aunt Sophie would like to ask her readers to confine their letters largely to plain prose. It is enough that their letters must necessarily be on sad subjects, such as marital bickerings and moments of misunderstanding, without adding to the horror of misunderstanding by "rhyme." Some of the poems I receive are so bad they are immensely good. For instance Mrs. Bray, of Bath Beach, sent this to me yesterday:

I do not claim I am a peach,
But I might add this sequel,
That in the whole of all Bath Beach
I haven't one my equal.

Fate surely isn't used me the worst
When I'm the Belle of Bayswater.

Now, that is a fair sample of the poetry that comes to me in the mail, along with the thousand and one in a million of understanding I am expected to unravel. Can any thoughtful reader wonder that my poor old head sometimes swims?

Can any kind reader fail to pity old Aunt Sophie when she is bombarded daily with poems of this caliber? Ah, no!

Tell your racking troubles, married girls, but please don't verse unless you can write good verse. This appeal is right: from Aunt Sophie's kind old heart.

Write to me in prose that's breezy,
This you'll make my task more easy.
Sing of war where cannon rattle,
But not of watrousal battles!

The Hidden Hand - A Serial of Romance and Adventure

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Mystery Stories, Which Appear Exclusively in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Episode 7

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Down the path ran Doris, turning in the garage, where her new speedster stood. She jumped to the wheel, while Ramsay piled into the other low seat, drawing his gun and making sure that the cartridges were all right.

As the limousine disappeared Doris swept down the roadway in hot pursuit. Never had she got more speed out of her car.

Once the limousine stopped, and the Hidden Hand paused long enough to look back to make sure that Ramsay and Doris were following, as he wished. Far back

he could see the speedster. He smiled and ordered his men to drive on.

Finally at the door of the deserted house the car stopped. Verda was carried into the house just as Doris and Ramsay arrived in the speedster.

Still fighting, Verda was borne up a flight of stairs by the emissaries into an upper room, while Ramsay flung himself at the street door. It yielded, and he found himself in the hall.

Above he could hear Verda's screams as he and Doris started for the stairs.

They had nearly reached the top of the flight of steps when suddenly it seemed that the whole stairway gave way beneath. As a matter of fact, it was hinged on the bottom step. A clever device of the Hidden Hand, who operated

the mechanism with a switch up in his den above.

Quickly the stairway collapsed and Ramsay and Doris were dropped into the yawning darkness of the cellar pit below. Ramsay's first thought was of Doris. It was a long fall, but the incline of the stairs, though it had flung them, saved them from the fall.

He picked up Doris and turned, but already the stairs had closed up again, slowly, like a jackknife, leaving them in almost total darkness.

Ramsay groped his way through the darkness to a place where he could see just a ray of light penetrating as if from a trap door vent in the floor overhead.

Suddenly, from the wall, there shot out a long flame—another and another—dozens of them, growing and licking out at Doris and himself, closer and ever closer—on all sides. It was another of the diabolical traps of the Hidden Hand.

In the Fiery Pit.

They shrunk toward the center of the cellar floor, but the gas jets, increasing in size, closed in on them. There seemed to be no escape. Something desperate must be done immediately.

Just a bit of clear space remained under the trap door vent. Ramsay broke up at it. Through it he could see the looming face of the Hidden Hand. Another brick landed full in the face of the criminal, who retreated.

Ramsay leaped and caught the edge of the vent overhead. Near it was a doorway. Quickly he looked his feet on in either side of the doorway, and flung his body backward, down the vent, his arms extended to seize Doris about whom the flaming jets were now licking wildly as she screamed in terror.

At that moment the Hidden Hand, his face cut from the blow he had received, perished, infuriated, around the stairway partition. He could see Ramsay's feet, one locked in either of the upright frames of the door, if he could only loosen them, he would precipitate Ramsay headlong with Doris clinging to him, into the fiery pit below.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

"How does Henry like your cooking?" asked her mother.

"He doesn't say anything," answered the bride, "but he sighs every time he takes a biscuit."—Exchange.

Republics You Never Knew

THERE are a number of Republics of which we never hear and of the very existence of which most people are ignorant.

There are States in various parts of Europe so isolated from the rest of the world that they might as well be on the moon. Indeed, few maps bear any trace of them. But for all that they are very important communities in themselves and can boast of a prosperous existence which would be a credit to any State, especially nowadays.

One of the most interesting of these Tom Thumb republics is St. Goust, in one of the most inaccessible parts of the Balearic Pyrenees, which, so far as area is concerned, enjoys the distinction of being the smallest self-governed State in the world. It is hardly a square mile in area. The population numbers 110, who rule themselves mainly owing to the fact that the little State is so hard to get at that no one will take the trouble to alter its constitution. Perched on a rocky mountain, St. Goust has such a steep descent that when anyone dies it is impossible to have an ordinary funeral.

A coffin could not be carried down the mountain side, and consequently the inhabitants have cut a groove into the face of the rock, and the coffin is made fast to a rope and allowed to slide down to the cemetery in the Valley below, where all baptisms and marriages are performed. The President of St. Goust, who, by the by, is also tax-collector, assessor and judge, is elected by a council of twelve, who are chosen for five years by the people. The little republic having a rebel for more than two thou-

sand years through a "Council of Elders."

About 150 miles from St. Goust is to be found the republic of Andorra, an almost inaccessible State of about 7,000 inhabitants. In the Eastern Pyrenees, Andorra was declared a free State as long ago as the ninth century by Charlemagne. The republic is governed by its own representatives, who constitute a sovereign council of twenty-four members, which council elects a president every four years.

The chief occupations of the Andorrans are agriculture, cattle breeding, trade in wool and charcoal, and smuggling. At the same time they are good-natured, hard-working, hospitable people and, needless to say, are devoted to liberty, which they are prepared to defend with a standing army of 1,100 men.

The smallest Republican State in regard to population is Tavolara, a little-known island about five miles long with an average width of half a mile, situated off the north coast of Sardinia. Many maps and geography books totally ignore the existence of this State. Yet it is a free and independent republic of about seventy inhabitants, who are their own rulers.

The people of Tavolara declared their independence as recently as 1855, the island having previously been made over in 1324 by King Charles Albert of Sardinia to the Bartoloni family. None of the Great Powers objected when the island threw off the yoke of monarchy, and during the last seven years the inhabitants have lived at peace with the world. They elect a President every six years, and a Council of six members, all of whom serve the State without salary.